

Red vs Blue and the Order of the Phoenix

by Until We Have Faces

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Summary: "Whaâ€?" Church looked up and saw a huge train with the words 'Hogwarts Express' written on the side. He shook off Caboose's arm and stood staring at the train."Caboose," He spoke slowly, "What in the hell did you do?" MAJOR HIATUS

1. The Greatest Plan Ever

The credits for _Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire _began rolling, declaring that movie night was officially over in Blue Base.

"Damn." Tex stated.

"So that fuckin' guy without a nose is back, and killed Edward Cullen?" asked Tucker as he reached for the remote to turn off the TV.

"He's Cedric Diggory in this movie. And his name is Lord Voldemort, dumbass." Church scoffed.

Caboose shook as he clung to his 'friend', "Church! I'm scared of Voldemort!"

Tucker turned the TV off and set the remote down on the table, "So what happens in the next movie?"

"You can just read the books." Church suggested. "I did."

"Fuck that."

"I'd rather go to Hoggywarts." Caboose announced.

"Hogwartsâ€|" Church muttered.

"I agree with Caboose," Tex said, "It'd be better than hanging out with you assholes."

"I could be like Hairy Potter!" Caboose jeered and childishly clapped his hands.

"_Harry Potter." _Church corrected him.

"Wow, you seem pretty defensive of this Potter world." Tucker laughed at him. "An adult obsessing over a children's book?"

"Well, I wouldn't expect you to understand." Church's hands clenched into fists.

"What's not to understand about a bunch of teenagers waving their sticks around for two hours? Bow chicka bow wow!"

"There's more to it than thatâ€|" Wash sighed at Tucker's immaturity.

"Agent Washingtub! I forgot you were here!" Caboose shouted.

"Don't tell me you're one too?" Tucker asked grudgingly.

"A what?"

"He means a Potterhead." Church informed him.

"Then yeah." Wash told Tucker. "And you're an idiot for not recognizing how amazing it is."

"Okay, look. I'm sure being a fuckin' wizard is fun. But being a stupidâ€"what's it called?" Tucker asked.

"A Muggle." Church and Wash suggested.

"A Tucker." Caboose said.

"Yeah, a Muggle." Tucker continued. "It's stupid being one and having to watch freakin' witches and wizards do magic when we can't do shit."

"You sure can bitch a lot." Church laughed.

Tucker snapped, "You shut the fuck up or I'llâ€""

"Well, I'm going to bed," Tex declared, "Goodnight assholes."

"I'll be there in a few minutes." Church told her as she left the room.

"So you expect to walk into the teleporter and appear in fuckin' Hogwarts?" Tucker asked.

"I never said that!" Wash shouted at him.

And for the first time in a while, Caboose had an idea. He grinned to himself at the thought of how happy it would make Church. Glancing at the three whose argument seemed to have turned into more of a shouting match, he scurried off to bed to think of his plan. His simple, yet _amazing _plan.

"Heyâ€|" Tucker yawned as he walked into the kitchen the next

morning.

"Mmmâ€|" Church groaned in response. He had a cup of coffee in one hand and he stared blankly at the wall in front of him.

"Hello!" Caboose greeted cheerfully as he rushed into the kitchen, wide awake.

"There's cereal in the cabinet." Tex said as she brushed passed Tucker and out of the kitchen.

Tucker growled as he opened the cabinet, "Is this all we ever fucking have? Cereal?"

"Yeah, sorry. All we've got is Muggle food." Wash apologized.

"Can we shut the fuck up about that? I already told you guys that you're rightâ€|" Tucker said grimly.

"It's just fun being right." Church said groggily.

"Lucky Charms!" Caboose shouted as he pulled the box out of the cabinet.

"Don't just eat the marshmallows this time." Wash told him.

"Well," Church said as he stood up and stretched, "I'm gonna go take a shower."

"Church, wait!" Caboose shouted with his mouth full of cereal.

"It can wait till later." Church said and left the room.

The blonde pushed the box of cereal away from him, taking the opportunity to go into Church's room to retrieve his copy of Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix.

"C'mon, Church! This will make you happier than ever!" Caboose yelled as he dragged Church by the arm to the top of the base.

"Caboose, what the fuck is so important that you have to show me?" Church asked angrily as sunlight hit his face, making him squint his eyes.

"You'll see!"

Wash, Tucker and Tex were already outside and yelling about something. But when they saw that Caboose and Church had arrived, they turned their attention towards them.

Finally, Caboose let go of Church, "Stay there." He told him. The blonde walked over to the flashy green teleporter.

Church crossed his arms over his chest. He thought, this isn't gonna turn out wellâ€|

"Behold!" Caboose shouted dramatically, "The teleporter!"

"Wowâ€|" Tucker mused. "You discovered something that has already been discovered."

Caboose bent over and opened a very small compartment on the side of the machine. He then pulled out Church's copy of Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix.

Church shouted, "Wait, Cabooseâ€"what the hell are youâ€""

Caboose stuffed the book into the compartment.

Whatever was inside the teleporter's compartment shredded the book causing bits of paper to fly everywhere.

Wash, Tucker and Tex just stared in amazement.

"What the fuck! You idiot! You just ruinedâ€"" Church was red in the face from yelling. He turned around, resisting the urge to murder Caboose, and began walking back into the base.

"Wait, no! Church, that means it's working!" Caboose yelled.

Church kept walking.

Desperate to get his attention, Caboose dashed into the teleporter and disappeared with a soft _whoosh_.

Church angrily rolled his eyes and turned around, "That fucking idiot is gonna get himself killed." He walked through the teleporter, followed by another soft whoosh.

"They're both gonna dieâ€|" Wash sighed and followed Church.

Whoosh.

Tex looked at Tucker, "After you."

"No fuckin' way! I'm gonna get covered in that black stuff!" Tucker protested.

"Oh, don't be such a baby." Tex smiled and shoved him through the teleporter.

Whoosh.

She followed Tucker.

Whoosh.

"Caboose! Caboose, where the fuck are you?" Church yelled over the loud noise. His voice cracked a little bit, but he shrugged it off as Caboose approached him and grabbed his hand.

"C'mon, Church! Let's go to Hoggywarts!" A rather young looking Caboose said as he pushed through the crowd filled with people in robes, pushing trolleys, owls in cages.

Caboose continued to pull Church's hand, guiding him through the crowd.

"Whaâ€"? Church looked up and saw a huge train with the words

'Hogwarts Express' written on the side. Church stopped letting Caboose drag him.

"Caboose," He spoke slowly, "What _in the hell _did you do?"

2. To Hoggywarts

Caboose smiled widely, "We're going to Hoggywarts, Church!"

"What theâ€"that doesn't make any sense!" Church's voice cracked again. He glanced around to see if anyone had noticed.

Tucker jogged up beside them, brushing whatever was left of the black stuff off his sleeve. He then looked at Caboose and Church, "Whoa. Why do you guys look different?"

"Oh," Caboose said, "I should explain that part."

Church muttered something like _here we go again; you fucked another thing upâ€|_

"You remember when I threw the book in the teleporter, right?" The blonde asked.

"Yeah, it happened like two minutes ago." Tucker rolled his eyes.

"Now we are fifteen again!" Caboose grinned proudly.

"What?" Church exclaimed. Yet again, his voice cracked.

Tucker laughed, "You're still going through puberty? Your voice is so damn squeaky!"

Church just glared at him.

"AGENT WASHINGTON!" Caboose screamed over all the noise.

The sight of Wash as a teenager was alarming; there were no more stress marks, no more gray hairs, the permanent frown had disappeared, he no longer had an emotionless expression, and the scar across his eye was gone.

He trotted over toward them with a confused look and stood beside Tucker. He had a masculine body and stood at least six foot two.

"Can someone please tell me what the fuck is going on?" He asked.

Tucker sighed, "What do you think happened? Caboose screwed us all again!"

"B-butâ€|" Caboose stuttered as tears brimmed in his eyes, "I thought it would make Church happy. Did it?"

"_No!_"

A tear rolled down Caboose's red cheek.

Church said, "No one laugh at my voice, please."

Tucker held back a laugh as it crackled again.

"Wash, can you go get Tex?" Church asked.

Caboose sniffled and pointed across the platform, "I think she's over there with Hermiâ€|oâ€|something."

He was right; Tex was indeed arguing about something with Hermione Granger.

"Well, shit," Tucker said, "If she pisses Tex off, this is gonna turn out _really _bad. Go get her, Wash."

"No need to." Wash said as Hermione and Tex began walking towards them.

Hermione's expression was mixed with annoyance and confusion, but it faded as soon as she approached the four. "Hello, I'm Hermione Granger. Head Girl, Gryffindor House," She smiled as she introduced herself, "I suspect you're all the transfer students from the Salem Witches Institute in Manhattan?"

"Umâ€|sure." Wash replied.

"Professor Dumbledore sent me an owl asking to escort you five onto the train to begin your year. I hope that isn't a bother to any of youâ€|?" Hermione glanced at Tex who just shook her head and smiled. "Okay, great! Can I just get each of your names? I've already talked met Alisonâ€|"

"I'm Lavernius Tucker," He grinned flirtatiously as he shook her hand, "But you can just call me Tucker."

"I'm Davidâ€|umâ€|Washington." He shook her hand. "Pleasure to meet you."

"I am Michael J. Caboose! But you can call me Cabooseâ€|or dumbass, or idiot, or team killing fucktard, orâ€""

Tucker elbowed Caboose in the ribs.

"Um," Hermione looked taken aback, "Caboose is perfectly fine."

"Oh, okay!" Caboose said.

She turned to Church, "And you areâ€|?"

Church just stared at her, afraid that if he spoke his voice would crack.

"C'mon, tell her your name." Tucker grinned evilly.

"Yeah," Tex joined in and playfully punched his shoulder, "Be a big boy and introduce yourself!"

Church rubbed his shoulder where she had hit him.

Hermione looked at Wash and whispered, "I-is he shy?"

Church's face turned red and he yelled, "_I am not shy_!"

Tucker and Tex laughed as his voice crackled again. Wash choked back his laughter.

"Oh," Hermione didn't seem to notice, "What's your name?"

Church sighed and said as quietly as possible, "Leonard Church, but I prefer being called Church."

"So Caboose, Tex, Tucker, Church and David, is it?" She asked.

They all nodded.

"Well, great," Hermione smiled at each of them, "You'll be sorted along with the first yearsâ€"but we should start getting on the train. I suspect we'll be leaving soon. All of your luggage has already been loaded into a compartment. Feel free to walk around the train and meet other students." She began leading them to the side door of the train.

Tucker whispered to Church, "Are we actually going along with this?"

"Shut the fuck up, Tucker. Be cool."

Hermione slid a compartment door open, "Here we are. Like I said, feel free to walk around and talk to others. Oh and I believe the trolley will be arriving soon."

"Thank you nice lady!" Caboose grinned widely.

"No trouble at all." She replied.

Hermione turned around as a ginger boy tapped her shoulder and motioned for her to follow him. "Sorry to leave on such a short notice, but I must be going. I'll probably see you around." She smiled and left with the red haired boy.

Tex slid the compartment door shut, "Someone start explaining.
Now. "

"You don't remember?" Caboose asked. "I threw the book in a part of the teleporter and now we're going to Hoggywarts."

"I remember that," Tex said, "But I don't understand how the hell it actually worked."

"Beats me." Wash crossed his arms over his chest and sat down.

"And why the hell do you all look so different?" Tex questioned.

Tucker shrugged, "Caboose said we're all young againâ€|which is a good thing. There are actually girls here."

"No," Church scolded him, "We're not staying so don't you start hitting on girls."

"Well Church," Wash said as he stared out the window, "We're leaving now so I don't think there's any going back."

"Son of a bitchâ€|" Church sighed and sat down.

"Damn," Tucker mused as he looked at his reflection in the mirror, "I look even better than before."

"Put that back," Wash said regarding the mirror, "It's not even yours."

"Um, yeah it is! It was in my trunk thing." Tucker said and pointed at the ground where his trunk sat wide open. There were school books, robes, socks, bags of wizard money, and a wand inside. "It has my name on it."

Caboose pulled his trunk off the shelf above their heads and threw it open. "A magic stick!" He exclaimed and pulled out the wand that lay inside.

"I have a magic stick too," Tucker said as he pulled the wand out of his trunk, "Bow chicka bow wow!"

Church, Tex and Wash went into their trunks to retrieve their wands.

"Do you think the killing curse would work with thisâ€?" Tex asked as she examined it, "Or is it just a dud?"

"Don't even tryâ€|" Church said as he inched away from her.

"Umâ€|should I try a spell orâ€?" Wash wondered.

Church took a pair of socks out of his trunk and placed them as far away from Wash as possible. "Try to summon them." He said.

Wash pointed his wand at the socks. _"Accio socks._

The socks flew off the ground and into his hand. "That's kickass."

"So we're actually magic?" Tex asked.

"Maybe you didn't fuck up so badly this time, Caboose." Tucker told him as he waved his wand in the air, causing sparks to fly around the compartment.

Caboose smiled proudly.

"But now we have to go back to school." Church informed him.

"I take back what I said. You fucked up, Caboose."

A boy with a pointed chin, cold gray eyes, and pale blonde hair slid the compartment door open. "Which one of you goes by the name of Michael?"

"Me!" Caboose shouted and stood up.

"Ah, yes. Well, I'm supposed to tell you that your owl is safely on the other side of the train with some of the other pets." He told him. A Prefects badge glistened on his chest.

"Shitâ€|" Church mumbled as the spell he was trying to cast didn't work.

"What are you even doing?" The blonde boy asked.

"Nothingâ€|" Church mumbled and went red from embarrassment.

"If that was an attempt at a spell," He continued snottily, "You should go back to being a first year. Oh, waitâ€| you're all those new transfer students? Did you learn any magic at your other school? Or are you all naturally idiots?"

Tex stood up and got in his face, "Listen you little cockbiteâ€""

"_Sit down, Tex._ Wash told her.

She backed up but didn't sit, "What's your name?"

"Draco Malfoyâ€|you should watch that foul mouth of yours, I'll gladly give you a detention." He sneered and puffed out his chest to make his Prefects badge even more noticeable than it already was.

"I don't give a shit about detention," Tex glared at him, "You're still a cockbite."

"I'll be nice. I won't give you a detention your first day." He said and left.

"What the hell, Tex?" Tucker asked. "Made us an enemy already?"

"He called me an idiot! I know all of you are, but I sure as hell am not!" Tex shouted.

"Well thenâ€|" Wash mumbled and stood up, "I'm gonna go talk to some people I guess. Might as well make a few friends before we get sorted."

Church stood up. "Yeah, I'll go too," His voice cracked and he sighed, "Don't fucking laugh Tuckerâ€|"

"Can I go too?" Caboose asked as he jumped to his feet. "I want to see my owl!"

Church began, "No dâ€""

"Sure, Caboose," Wash cut him off, "Let's go."

The three left the compartment.

"Soâ€|" Tucker said awkwardly.

"I'm not staying in here with you." Tex got up and left.

"Well, I'm not staying in there alone!" Tucker shouted as he stood up

and followed her, "What are we gonna do now?"

Tex shrugged, "I don't knowâ€| we can make friends or we can make enemiesâ€|?"

Tucker thought for a moment, "Enemies; sounds more fun."

3. Making Frenemies

"Do you know where my owl is, Washingtub?" Caboose asked as him, Wash, and Church walked down the train.

"No," Wash said as he continued walking, "It's probably around here somewhere, there isn't much left of the train that we didn't coverâ€"aha!"

They reached the part of the train which contained all the pets; owls, cats, rats, and toads.

"It fuckin' smells in hereâ€|" Church mumbled and then looked at a rather fat gray rat, "I think it's you."

"Umâ€|which one is mine?" Caboose asked.

Wash shrugged, "They have people's names on their cages. Try to find yours."

"Ouch!" Church exclaimed as a tabby cat scratched his hand. "Fucking stupid cat!"

A short girl with blond hair rushed into the room, picked up the tabby, glared at Church, and ran.

"Fucking stupid girlâ€|"

"I found my name!" Caboose yelled as he pointed to a cage where a large, fat owl with a crooked beak sat inside. "My owl is awesome!"

"Umâ€|" Wash muttered, unsure what to say. "It's uhâ€|adorable."

Church snorted, "No it isn't! It's ugly asâ€""

"I am going to name it Church the Owl because he reminds me of you!"

Church's face turned red from anger and embarrassment, "No! _ It does not look like me!"

Wash laughed lightly as Church the Owl gave a disgruntled hoot.

"Call it Tucker the Owl instead." Church argued.

"His name is Church the Owl." Caboose opened the cage.

Church the Owl hooted angrily, tucked its head under its wing, and fell asleep.

"I think the name fits him perfectly." Wash laughed while Church just glared.

"Hey, bitches!" Tucker slid open the compartment door.

A boy with messy black hair, glasses, a lightning scar, and emerald green eyes looked up at him, obviously annoyed.

"Sup, Potter?" Tex said as she gestured to Harry.

"Umâ€|do I know you?" He asked.

"Nope." Tucker replied and sat next to him.

Tex looked around the compartment and saw that there was another person there. "Hey." She said and lightly kicked her in the leg to get her attention.

The girl looked up from the magazine she was reading upside down with her big silvery gray eyes but didn't speak.

"What's your name?" Tex asked.

"Luna Lovegood." The girl replied in a dreamy voice.

"Well Luna, you do know you're reading that upside down, right?" Tex asked as she crossed her arms over her chest, "Or are you too stupid to notice?"

Luna looked a little offended, "That was rather rudeâ€| And I'm purposely reading it that wayâ€|" She returned her attention to the magazine again.

"Humph." Tex looked at Tucker who was questioning Harry about his scar.

"I got it when I was a baby." Harry said.

"What happened?" Tucker laughed. "Fall out of your crib?"

"Voldemort gave it to meâ€|"

"Oh yeah," Tex joined in and pulled her wand out of her pocket, "With one of those Unforgiveable Curses, right?"

Harry nodded.

Tex twirled her wand in between her fingers, "What were they? The killing curseâ€|"

Tucker fell on the floor and imitated someone dying.

"The torture curseâ€|"

Tucker writhed and screamed on the ground.

"And the imperious curseâ€|"

Tucker did a forward roll and got to his feet.

"Can you just leave?" Another boy came up behind them. He was on the chubby side with short sandy blonde hair.

"And you would be?" Tucker asked him.

"Neville Longbottom!" He squeezed past the two and took a seat next to Luna.

"Did Voldemort kill your parents and give you a scar too?" Tucker asked.

Neville swallowed, "My parents were tortured into insanity by one of his followers!"

Tucker got back on the ground and resumed screaming and writhing.

Neville cringed and shrunk into his seat.

Tucker grabbed Neville's foot and gasped, "Help!" going "crazy!"

"Just leave him alone!" Harry jumped to his feet and pulled out his wand.

Tucker stood up, "Okay, okay! just a joke. Calm down, scar head."

Luna patted Neville sympathetically on the shoulder.

"I'm serious. Leave." Harry growled and pointed his wand at the two.

Tex felt somewhat threatened; of course she could beat him up, but he knew defensive spells when she didn't.

"Alright. Fine." Tucker said as he left the compartment.

"See you around." Tex grinned evilly and followed him.

Wash, Church and Caboose ran into Tex and Tucker a few minutes later.

"What are you guys doing?" Wash asked as they approached each other.

"And what's so funny?" Church added.

"We just met a few people!" Tex informed them and snickered a bit.

Wash sighed, wondering if it was worth it to ask, "Did you at least make a good impression?"

"Oh no!" Tucker laughed, "They hated us!"

Church sighed, "Who?"

"Harry-scar-head-Potter, Luna Lovebottom and Neville Longgood."

Tucker said.

"I think you have that backwards." Wash told him and rolled his eyes.

"I want to meet Hairy Potter." Caboose stated.

"I do too. How far down are they?" Church asked.

"Not too far. Tell them we said hi." Tex said and walked away. Tucker followed her.

"Are we going to meet Hairy Potter?" Caboose asked.

"Yup," Wash replied, "Just don't get his name wrong, okay?"

After walking down the train for a few minutes, they finally arrived at the compartment.

Wash slid the door open, "Excuse us, we just wanted to come and say hello."

"Hey." Church said.

"Hello!" Caboose said happily.

"Um, hi, I'm Harry Potter, and this is Neville Longbottom and Luna Lovegood." He said and gestured to his friends.

"I'm Church, that's David, and this annoying thing is Caboose."

"Hello!" Caboose said again.

"What year are you guys in?" Harry asked.

"We're in our fifth year. We're gonna get sorted when we get to Hogwarts." Wash told him.

"Oh," Luna looked up from her magazine and asked in her dreamy voice, "Are you some of the new transfer students?"

"Yes, along with two others." Church said.

"Oh." Harry said and furrowed his eyebrows thinking of Tucker and Tex.

"Yeahâ€|" Wash said awkwardly, "Just ignore them. They're real"

"Assholes. Complete assholes." Church cut him off.

Neville nodded.

"You're welcomed to sit down if you want." Harry said smiling.

The three filled up the empty seats in the compartment.

"What are you reading?" Caboose asked Luna.

"_The Quibbler._" She replied and grinned at him, "My father's the editor."

"Ooh! Can I see?" Caboose asked.

Luna handed him the magazine and watched as he flipped through the pages.

"How was your other school?" Harry asked.

"Ohâ€|it was okay. I'm sure Hogwarts will be better though." Wash replied, not knowing what to say.

"Yeah, Hogwarts is fantastic," Neville piped up, "But I sure hope we actually get a good Defense Against the Dark Arts Teacher this year."

Harry nodded knowingly.

"Yeah," Church agreed, "Let's just hope this one is actually who they say they are and not taking Polyjuice Potion."

Harry and Neville looked at him quizzically.

"How did you know that?" Harry asked.

"Oh umâ€|" Church muttered.

"Word travels quickly." Wash informed them and sent Church a look that said 'watch what you say.'

"I don't get it," Neville said, "How are you friends with them? You all seem quite friendly."

Church shrugged, "I wouldn't technically call them 'friends' cause I don't really like either of themâ€| even though the girl, Tex, is my girlfriend."

"Wow, good luck to you." Harry said.

"I like this book. There are lots of pictures." Caboose said as he continued flipping through the pages of _The Quibbler_.

Luna said dreamily, "If you want, I can let you borrow my old ones. I don't really look at them anymore."

"That would be great!" Caboose grinned and handed her the magazine.

"So anyway," Harry said and pulled his robes out of his trunk, "I suspect we'll be arriving at Hogwarts soon, so I suggest getting changed."

"Good idea," Wash said as he stood and walked to the door, "We'll see you around."

"Byeâ€|" Neville said and waved to Church and Wash as they left.

"Goodbye Luna! Goodbye Neville!" Caboose said and looked at Harry,

"Goodbye Hairy Potter!"

He slid the door shut and followed Church and Wash.

4. The Arrival

After getting changed into their robes, they decided to practice a few spells.

"Which one first?" Tex asked Wash as he began flipping through the pages of one of his spell books.

"I don't knowâ€|" He replied, "These all seem like they require a lot of practice."

"You already did a spell and you had no practice." Tucker argued.

"That one was simple."

"And besides," Church said, "If you read the series you'd understand how to cast a spell and what to focus on."

Caboose looked at the spell book, "Oh, birds!" He exclaimed and lifted his wand.

Church's eyes widened, "No, Caboose don'tâ€"

"_Avis!" _Caboose flicked his wand.

A flock of brightly colored birds appeared and began frantically flying around the compartment and banging against the glass, desperate to get out.

"Fucking bird!" Tex yelled as a wing whacked her in the face.

Caboose laughed and looked at the book again. "Ohâ€|" He pointed his wand at Church.

"_Oppugno! " —

The birds instantly flew straight at Church, chirping angrily, they pecked at his head, skin, and clothes.

"Get these fucking things off me!" Church flailed his arms in the air.

"But they like you!" Caboose protested.

Tex and Tucker laughed while Wash got up and opened the small window.

Smelling fresh air, the birds stopped attacking Church and flew out the window. Wash slammed it shut.

Church sighed, "Thanksâ€|"

"You're welcome!" Caboose said.

"_Not you." Church growled and raised his hand to his face to feel a deep gash.

"You're all scratched up." Tex pointed out.

"Well, no shit."

"One took a dump on your uniform." Tucker stated and started laughing.

"God damn it!" Church screamed.

"Calm down," Wash said, "Just change into another one."

"Alright, fine." Church grabbed another robe from his trunk and left to change.

"What spell is next?" Caboose asked.

"Umâ€| Tucker, try this one." Wash showed Tucker the book and pointed to a spell.

Tucker raised his wand and pointed it at Caboose, "_Rictusempra!"

—

Nothing happened.

"No, like this." Wash said and pointed his wand at Caboose, "_Rictusempra!"

A jet of silver light shot out of the wand and hit Caboose in the stomach.

Caboose fell on his side, clutching his stomach and laughing, "Can'tâ€"breathe!" He gasped.

"I'm sure I would have been able to do it if you gave me another try!" Tucker yelled.

"Really? Go ahead. Try it on me." Wash said and stood up, giving Tucker a target.

"Fine." Tucker said through gritted teeth, "_Rictusempra!"

—

Nothing.

"Told you." Wash smirked.

"Shut the fuck up."

Caboose wiped tears from his eyes as the tickle charm finally wore off.

Sneakily, Tex took the book of spells and flipped the pages until she found one that pleased her.

Church arrived in fresh new robes, "Okay, I'mâ€""

"_Impedimenta!" _Tex shouted with her wand pointed at Church.

"ARGH!" He yelled as the spells force knocked him backwards into the wall.

Tex laughed and Tucker joined in.

"Are you okay?" Hermione was back and was helping Church to his feet.

"Yeah, yeah I'm fineâ€|" He rubbed the part of his head that he hit on the wall.

"Was it Malfoy?" She asked.

"No, worse."

"Well, hello again." Tex grinned at Hermione.

"Ohâ€|" Hermione muttered distastefully, "Please don't hex other students. At least wait for Dueling Club."

"I'll do what I want, thank you." Tex scoffed.

"So anyway," Hermione said ignoring Tex, "the train's about to stop so I suggest that you all get your luggage and get on the platform as soon as possible to avoid the mad rush."

"Okay, thank you." Wash smiled.

"Uh-huhâ€|" Hermione muttered. A slight blush crept to her cheeks as she walked away.

Church turned on Tex, "What the hell was that for?"

"I was just testing out a spell. Calm your balls."

"That was fucking hilariousâ€|" Tucker said as he dragged his trunk out of the compartment.

They all dragged their trunks out of the compartment and proceeded to walk down the train to retrieve Caboose's owl.

"Hello, Church the Owl!" Caboose said as he picked up the cage with the large owl inside.

He hooted angrily.

The train slowed down and came to a halt. Sure enough, every student began rushing towards the doors.

Luckily they made it out before they could be trampled.

"Now what?" Tucker asked.

"Sorry," Hermione said as she approached them again, "I forgot to tell you; you can either go with the first years on the boats or take a carriage to Hogwarts. It's your choice."

"I hate boats," Church mumbled, "We'll take the carriage."

"Okay, great. Follow me." Hermione said and began to lead them towards an empty carriage.

"I really fucking hate the rain." Tucker growled.

"Here we are," She said as they stood in front of the carriage, "I'm in the one in front of you guys, so if you need anything just give me a shout."

"You're acting like my mother." Tex told her.

Hermione pretended not to notice.

"Can I keep it?" Caboose asked as he pointed to the horse like creature pulling the carriage.

"Umâ€|no." Wash said.

"Keep what?" Hermione asked.

"The horse!" Caboose shouted and went to pet it.

Church grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

"The fuck is that thing?" Tucker asked as he slowly backed away.

"It's creepy as hellâ€|" Tex said.

"What is?" Hermione asked desperately.

"Just ignore themâ€| they're trying to pull a prank." Wash lied even though he could also see the creature.

"Oh, um. Alrightâ€|" Hermione said and walked off to her carriage, sending Tex a hateful glare.

"Anyone gonna tell me what the fuck that is?" Tucker asked.

"It's a thestral." Church said.

"How come bitch face can't see it?" Tex scoffed.

"She's nice, leave her alone." Wash said defensively.

"Got a crush there, Wash?" Tucker laughed.

"Well, we can only see them if we've watched someone die," Church explained, "And we're in the war so of course we can see them."

The carriage in front of them began to move forward.

The thestral snorted and scraped its hoof on the ground.

"I think it wants us to get on; let's go." Wash said and hopped into the carriage.

They all followed his lead and once they were all inside, the

thestral began to pull them forward through the rain.

"So now all we have to do is get sorted?" Tucker asked.

"Yup, but we're probably not all gonna be in the same house." Wash said.

"Waitâ€"isn't that a problem?" Church asked.

"Not really," Wash shrugged, "We could always meet up somewhere. And who cares if we aren't in the same classes, weâ€" "

"I meant that as a good thing," Church crossed his arms over his chest, "At least I'll get some relief from at least a few of you assholes."

"Umâ€|I don't think Church the Owl likes you, Caboose." Tucker said as he watched the owl nip Caboose's finger.

"Yes he does!" Caboose said cheerfully, "That was a love bite because he loves me!"

"Yeah, okayâ€|"

"I wonder what the Reds are gonna do while were gone." Wash wondered.

"Sarge will probably freak out and call Command to send more Bluesâ€| and no one else will care." Tex stated and they all nodded their heads in agreement.

"If those fucking Reds show up, I'm gonna be really pissed off." Church went red with anger at the thought.

They didn't speak for the rest of the ride until Hogwarts Castle came into focus.

"_Damn_. " Tucker's eyes widened as he saw how large the castle was.

"Well, here we areâ€|" Wash said as the carriage came to a halt in front of the massive doors.

5. The Sorting

Church was the first to exit the carriage; he was probably the most anxious to step inside the castle.

They all followed him except for Tucker and Caboose who were pushing and shoving each other to get out first.

"Moveâ€"the fuckâ€"over!" Tucker growled as he gave Caboose a hard shove.

"Stupid Tucker!" Caboose shouted as he tripped and fell over the side of the carriage and into the mud.

Wash sighed and helped Caboose up, "Now you're filthyâ€|"

"I hate you, Tucker!" Caboose yelled and stomped through the mud to pick up Church the Owl.

Hermione and the ginger boy from before walked over to them.

"You can all go join the first years over there," Hermione said and pointed in their direction, "This is my friend Ron, by the way. Head Boy of Gryffindor house."

"Hiâ€|" Ron smiled.

"So we just go with the newbie's over there?" Tex asked, referring to the first years.

"Yes," Hermione replied, "But I'd appreciate it if you didn't hex them or anything."

"We won't." Wash assured her.

"No promisesâ€|" Tex muttered.

Ron lightly elbowed Hermione and beckoned for her to follow him again.

"But anyway, we must be going again. We'll see you in the Great Hall for sure." Hermione smiled and walked away.

"Try to get placed in Gryffindor." Ron said and followed her.

"Let's goâ€|" Wash said as he walked in the direction of the first years that were now entering the castle.

"Hey, you little fuckers!" Tucker grinned as he entered the castle.

A few dozen kids with nervous or confident faces looked up at him; some backed away, others muttered something about foul language or insanity.

"_Shut up, Tucker." _Church growled.

"Oh, come on, Church," Tucker rolled his eyes, "You're gonna turn into even more of an asshole now?"

"Excuse me," A tall women with black hair tied tightly into a bun walked over to them, "I will not have that kind of language in this school."

Tucker rolled his eyes again, "What gives you the right to tell me what to do?"

Wash elbowed Tucker in the ribs.

The woman glared at him, "I happen to be a teacher in this school and I will not tolerate a student speaking to me or anyone else like that."

Tucker looked away, clearly annoyed.

"Lucky for you I don't have time to deal with this matter right now,"

She continued, "But you should be ashamed of yourself."

Wash spoke up, "We're sorry Professorâ€?"

"Professor McGonagall."

"Well," Wash smiled kindly, "It's a pleasure to meet you, ma'am."

"Yes, well, same to all of you," McGonagall nodded, "The sorting will begin in a moment. You five will be going after all the first years."

"Okay, thanks." Church said.

McGonagall turned around and walked away, her robes flowing behind her.

"She was a mean lady." Caboose said as he wiped some mud from his robes.

"Yeah, but she's gonna be one of our teachers," Tex said grimly, "So we need to be niceâ€|well, you guys need to be nice. I'm doing what I want."

"Yeah, good luck with that." Church said.

Professor McGonagall was now standing in front of the first years and telling them something that they were unable to hear. When she was finished, she opened two huge doors and began to walk forward into the Great Hall. The first years hesitantly followed her, and Church, Tucker, Tex, Wash and Caboose followed the first years.

The instant they entered the massive room, every head turned towards them. Some of the students looked confused once they realized that they weren't eleven.

"Everyone is looking at meâ€|" Caboose whispered and then shouted, "Hi everybody!"

"_Shut up, Caboose_." Church growled.

Once they reached the front Great Hall, Professor McGonagall placed the Sorting Hat on a stool. The hat opened its 'mouth' and began to sing.

"What the fuckâ€?" Tex muttered.

"Just shut upâ€|" Wash whispered to her.

Tex rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest but didn't say a word.

The hat finally finished its song. The Great Hall broke out in applause and some of the students began to whisper to each other.

After the clapping had died down, Tucker was the only one left applauding.

"Bravo! Great show! Now we know who the next American Idol is!"

Everyone turned and stared at him, Wash and Church inched as far away from him as possible, and Professor McGonagall just glared at him as she picked up a list of names.

"Abercrombie, Euan." She called out.

"What the hell, Tucker?" Church asked as a boy marched up to the stool and sat down. McGonagall placed the hat on his head.

"What?" Tucker shrugged, "Hats shouldn't fucking sing."

"And you shouldn't fucking breathe!" Tex muttered.

"Um, Church!" Caboose tugged on his arm.

"What?"

"I'm afraid of the talking hat. Is it going to hurt me?"

"I wish," Church laughed lightly, "But no."

Finally, the rest of the first years were done being sorted and now only the five were left standing.

Professor Dumbledore stood up and smiled at the students, "Good evening. I'm sure most of you have noticed that these five are not first years, they're far too big to be first years," His eyes twinkled behind his glasses, "they're transfers from The Salem Witches Institute in Manhattan and they are in fact, fifth years. They also know a fine amount of magic from their old school and will be joining you in your classes once they get sorted, which will begin now." He finished and then resumed sitting.

"Caboose, Michael." Professor McGonagall called out.

Caboose gulped and hesitantly stepped forward and sat on the stool. McGonagall placed the hat on his head.

Caboose sat there for a moment, nervously kicking his feet back and forth until the flap on the hat opened yet again and shouted, "HUFFLEPUFF!"

He smiled, hopped off the stool and marched over to one of the tables.

"The one to your right!" McGonagall shouted to him as he approached the Ravenclaw table.

Caboose walked to the left.

"Your other right!"

"Oh dear Lord!" Church mumbled.

Caboose finally found the right table and took a seat with his fellow Hufflepuffs.

"Church, Leonard."

Church took a seat on the stool and got the hat placed on his head.

After about half a minute it shouted, "SLYTHERIN!"

He got off the stool and confidently walked to the Slytherin table.

"Tex, Alison."

Tex sat on the stool and just as the Sorting Hat touched her head it shouted, "SLYTHERIN!"

She grudgingly took a seat next to Church.

"Tucker, Lavernius."

"Please not here, please not hereâ€|" Church repeated over and over as he crossed his fingers.

"SLYTHERIN!"

"Well, fuckâ€|"

Tucker swaggered over to the Slytherin table.

"Washington, David."

Wash sat down on the stool and had the hat placed on his head.

"You have a lot up here, I seeâ€|" The Sorting Hat said, referring to Wash's mind.

You have no ideaâ€|_ Wash thought.

"Ah well," The hat said, "GRYFFINDOR!"

Wash smiled and took a seat at the Gryffindor table.

"What did the hat mean about having a lot in your mind?" A first year asked.

"Oh, I'm not too sureâ€|" Wash lied.

Hermione walked over to him and tapped his shoulder, "You're welcomed to come and sit with me and my friendsâ€|?!"

"Sure, that would be great." Wash stood and followed her.

Tucker ginned, "Huhâ€| looks like Wash is gonna get laid tonight," Then his smile faded, "There's no way he's gonna get laid before me. No fucking way."

"We're not here to get laid, Tuckerâ€|" Church sighed as Professor Dumbledore stood up and began his speech.

****Sorry for the wait and the boring chapter. I promise the next one will be a whole lot better. ****

6. Ridiculously Diabolical

"What's the status on Blue Team, Simmons?" the Red leader interrogated as he approached the maroon soldier who casually sat on the top of the base with a pair of binoculars, spying on the base opposite them.

"It's hard to say," Simmons informed him, "They haven't been outside at all today."

"What do you think, Simmons?"

"I thinkâ€| they haven't been outside at all today, sir. That's it. Not much to it."

"Simmons!" Sarge shouted his voice thick with disapproval. "These are the Blues! They're clearly plotting something diabolical right under our noses!"

Simmons let out an exasperated sigh. "Sir, I just think that they're not feeling up tâ€""

Sarge cut across him before he even got the chance to finish, "I want you, Grif, and Donut to go investigate ASAP!"

"Aren't you coming?"

"Of course not! I have to stay here and help Lopez build a laser! â€|And when I say help, I mean stand by and tell him what to do."

Simmons nodded and got to his feet while Sarge glared maliciously at the Blue Base, wondering what they could be up to.

"Sacrifice Grif if you have toâ€|" Sarge mumbled as he marched away.

"Yes, sir!" Simmons saluted and sauntered into the base where Grif slouched lazily on the couch, beer in hand. "Come on, Grif. Sarge gave us orders to go and investigate Blue Base."

"Gee," Grif said sarcastically, "I can't wait!"

"Get up, dumbass. Where's Donut?"

The soldier in the orange t-shirt shrugged his shoulders, "Cooking, bathing in some fancy soaps, writing Harry Potter fanfiction, I don't know."

His question was answered as the aroma of a chocolate soufflÃ© filled the air. Simmons rolled his eyes and said, "Meet us outside in five minutes."

"Whatever."

Simmons entered the kitchen and, as expected, saw Donut in a chef's hat humming some tune he didn't know.

Donut saw Simmons enter and his eyes perked up, "Sorry, the soufflÃ© isn't ready yet!"

"I'm not here for your stupid soufflÃ©. Sarge wants us to go and check out what's going on in Blue Base."

Donut frowned and pulled off his chef's hat, placing it carefully on the table. "Wellâ€¦ okay. But we better be back in twenty minutes or less. No one wants a burnt soufflÃ©!"

Simmons ignored him, "Yeah, yeah, yeahâ€¦ Go get the warthog and pick up me and Grif. We'll be in front of the base."

Donut nodded and sauntered off.

Simmons sighed as he approached Grif, thinking this 'mission' was a big waste of time.

A few minutes later, Donut arrived and stopped the car in front of the maroon and orange soldier and honked the horn, "Get in loser, we're going shopping."

Simmons jumped onto the turret and Donut moved over into the passenger seat so Grif could drive the warthog. In seconds, they were driving across the canyon towards Blue Base.

At their arrival, they were greeted by silence.

"Grif, go in there and check it out." Simmons instructed.

"But why me?" Grif complained, "What about Donut?"

"Damn it, Grif! Just get in there!" Simmons shouted and gave him a shove.

Grif stumbled and unwillingly walked into the base, cursing under his breath.

Simmons and Donut waited in silence for Grif to return.

"You know," Donut broke the stillness, "I'm beginning to like this weather. I found the perfect tanning spot!"

"Yeah, that's great."

"What was your favorite sport as a kid?"

"Math."

"Hmm. I don't think that qualifies as a sport. Try again!"

"No."

"Aw! Come on, Simâ€" "

"_Shut up, Donut_. "

The next five minutes were spent in silence, which was totally okay with Simmons. Grif returned with a confused expression.

Simmons raised an eyebrow, "Wellâ€¦?"

"Nothing." Grif shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there's not one Blue left in that base. Can we go back now?" Grif asked.

"Maybe we should call Sarge and tell him about this?" Donut suggested.

"Good thinking," Simmons said as he switched on his radio, "Sarge, come in, Sarge."

"This is Red leader," Sarge's voice emitted from Simmons' helmet, "Go ahead, Maroon One."

"There's not a single Blue here."

"_What?_ Any clues as to where they went?"

"I'm not sure, sir. You should come over here and check. Something doesn't seem rightâ€¦"

A frustrated sigh sounded from Simmons' helmet, "I'll be right thereâ€¦ Red leader out."

"Maroon One out." Simmons flicked off his radio, "Come on, let's go look around."

The three soldiers entered the Blue Base and split up to investigate. Not caring if they messed the place up, the three tore through the base and left it looking like a tornado had hit.

Nothing. Absolutely nothing that would lead to where they went. The only thing productive was the two six packs of beer Grif obtained.

"Anything?" Sarge asked the second he arrived at the top of Blue Base.

The three shook their heads.

Sarge turned to Grif, "Did you eat them?"

"No," Grif spat, "But they sure would taste a hell of a lot better than those MREs!"

"We're not having this conversation again." Sarge growled.

"Speaking of food," Donut said, "I have to get back to base and check on my soufflÃ©! It should be just about done!"

"Forget about your damn soufflÃ©. This is serious." Simmons hissed.

Donut frowned and crossed his arms over his chest, "Fineâ€¦ I guess we'll be having a burnt soufflÃ©â€¦"

"They clearly dug a tunnel under the ground and are holding a massive bomb that will blow up the entire universe! Iniquitous!" Sarge shouted angrily. "We have to stop them!"

Simmons blinked, "Something tells me that that's not the case!"

"Then what else could it possibly be?" Sarge inquired with a slight hint of annoyance in his voice, "Do you think they shoved a book into the teleporter and are now living in a fictional world? That sounds ridiculous!"

Donut squatted on the ground next to the teleporter, "Hmm! Why are there bits of paper everywhere?"

"Who knows, who cares. The Blues are gone. We won. Let's go back. I'm taking the shortcut." Grif said as he sauntered into the teleporter and disappeared with a soft _whoosh._

"Lazy asshole!" Sarge muttered as he watched him go. He turned back to the remaining Red soldiers, "Well men, we better find out where they went. Simmons, you!"

"Where's Grif? He should've come out of the teleporter by now." Simmons thought aloud, his eyes fixated on the spot where Grif was supposed to appear.

"Huh?" Sarge followed his gaze and stared at the spot, "Well, that's a shame. Donut, you!"

Whoosh.

Donut had already disappeared through the teleporter.

Astounded, Sarge followed Donut while shouting, "Donut! How dare you walk away from me while I'm giving you orders! You'll be doing an extra 200 pushups tomorrow at!"

Whoosh.

Simmons sighed, "Idiots!" The maroon soldier grudgingly followed Sarge.

_Whoosh. _

*****Don't kill me. Meep.*****

End
file.